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*The Wall of The  
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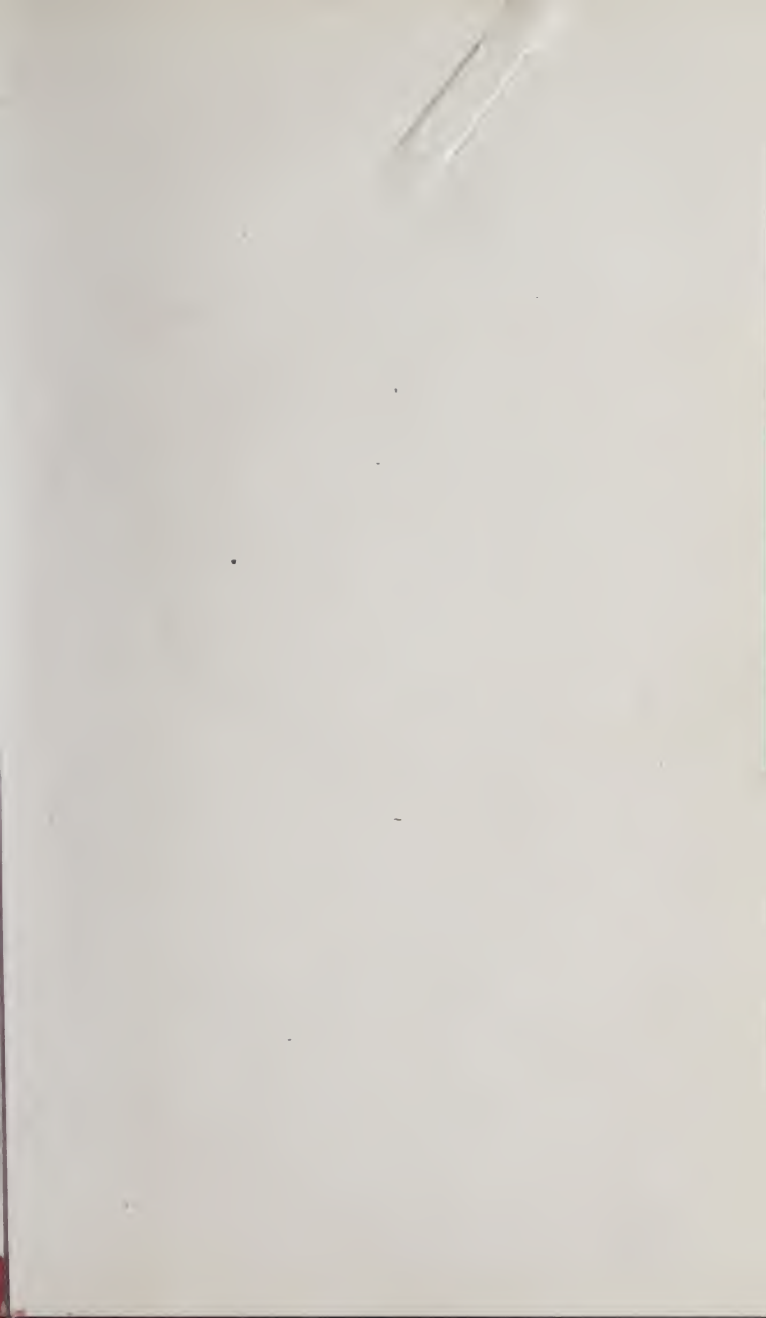


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# THE WALL OF THE WORLD











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James Hightower



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# The Wall of the — World —

BY

JAMES HIGHTOWER

ARKANSAS CITY  
KANSAS

*Author of*

HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS, WILD SONG  
and ENSLAVED IN A MEXICAN MINE

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# The Wall of the World



HAVE promised a number of children that in all of my books I would write a story of the wood-folk. I have found out through Old Sing-Song that Old Dogwah, the Matiahs, and Old Gwankin

did live on the wall of the world two million years ago. Some of the pale faces call it the Continental Divide and some call it the Rocky Mountain Range.

Before the pale faces had any say in the matter, however, the wood-folk had the naming of all things. They even named Old Sing-Song, and Old Gwankin, and the Dingwahs, and the Matiahs. These sang of the worlds that nothing knew of, excepting they and the wood-folk.

Oh, the sweetest songs are made by the wind,  
In the heaviest woods 'way over in the glen.  
Of course, it's Old Sing-Song, too,  
Telling of the wood-folk race,  
And that's Old Gwankin humming the bass.  
He sings to the wood-folk of Old Dogwah's  
days,  
At the Cave of the Winds,  
'Way up at the head of Williams Glen.

In my first two books on the natural life of Indians, varmints, birds and woods, I have written two beautiful stories of the wood-folk.

My first book of about 40,000 words, entitled 'Happy Hunting Grounds,' contains a story of the wood-folk of about 3,000 words.

In the second book, "Wild Song," which contains about 45,000 words, I became more familiar with Mrs. Bruin, Mrs. Coyote, Mr. Panther, Mrs. Bob Cat, cunning little Timber Mouse, Mr. Fox, Tom Tit and Sapsucker (Mrs. Bruin's two "kids"), Mr. Wolf, Miss Pussy Mew, Mr. O. Possum, Miss Mollie Cottontail, and Mr. Raccoon. These are some of the wood-folk that live in the Indian Territory. They tell wonderful stories of the Indians in

the early '60's. It was through them I learned of Old Sing-Song and his band.

They—Sing-Song and his band—live in a big cave in the beautiful Natural Bridge Park, on the big Walnut River, near Arkansas City, Kansas, which is situated on the border of the Indian Territory. This beautiful park, natural bridge, and cave, have five old Indian trails leading to it.

Old Washunga, Chief of the Kaws, has a bit of wonderful history of the park, natural bridge, cave, and Indian trails. This goes back for about fourteen hundred years. It was in the park that the first meeting was held between Old Sing-Song, the wood-folk and Old Gwan-kin.

The wood-folk pushed their raft up the Big Walnut River, for they had come all the way from the Big Rainbow River, in the Indian Territory, and just as they were pushing in at the Natural Bridge landing, Old Dogwah hol-lered from the Natural Bridge, in the bright moonlight: "Who comes?"

Mrs. Bruin said: "It is the wood-folk; and this is the date of our meeting here."

Old Dogwah said: "Stay where you are; we are all here."

And Sapsucker, Tom Tit and Miss Pussy Mew all said: "And *we* are all here."

The wood-folk gave three cheers, "Ging! Gwah! Hey!" for the wood-folk were never to see Old Gwankin and his band, though Old Gwankin had already led the wood-folk fifteen hundred miles.

Old Gwankin said to the wood-folk: "Do you want to go a tired fox's run 'way to the Rocky Mountains—to Colorado Springs—and visit the Rocky Mountain wood-folk?"

All the wood-folk, knowing that Old Gwankin and his band once lived at the Cave of the Winds, and that there would be no danger of getting lost (for a raft could be made and they could float all the way back by the Arkansas River to the Indian Territory), Mrs. Bruin asked: "When will you start that we may follow?"

Old Gwankin said: "We will start to-night, and the wood-folk must start tomorrow night. Can you travel by the day sky and the night sky?"

Mr. Coyote hollered to Old Gwankin: "Yes; I learned the day sky and the night sky, and all of the Indian signs, from Chief Meadow Bee's tame wood-folk."

The evening we pulled out of the Natural Bridge Park, the moon gave the most beautiful light we ever saw, and seemed to hang itself in the high trees to light up our way.

The first twelve hours of our trip were delightful. All we had to do was to follow the Arkansas River. We knew we had to leave it some place to take a direction northwest, but we knew the hoot-owl would watch for us at that place.

As we were so anxious to meet the Rocky Mountain wood-folk, none of the big wood-folk seemed to become tired of carrying the little wood-folk.

It was after a wearied fox run that we surely heard the Old Hooter. We were all so glad, for we knew that he was to work under the orders of Old Sing-Song and Old Gwankin, and was to tell us of any changes that were to be made in our direction. We were sure we heard him hoot. We waited for a little while, and Mr. Coyote answered, for he could imitate the Old Hooter exactly.

Mr. Panther ordered Mr. Coyote to make a distressed hoot-owl call, which he did, and immediately the wood-folk got another call from

the old owl about half a mile up the river. It was a call to come.

It was where the Big Monument empties into the Arkansas. We were to take a long Raccoon's ramble in a northwesterly direction on this stream. We asked the Old Hooter many questions as he sailed away in the dark, and got the same answer every time—"Follow the Big Monument." We never knew at that time that he was to tell us only what the Matiahs and Old Dogwah told him to tell.

Before the third turn of the night we got three more calls from the old owl about two hundred yards ahead of us. As soon as Mr. Coyote answered, the Old Hooter rose about five hundred feet in the air and hollered three or four times while he was at his highest.

Mr. Panther ordered us all to hurry out of the timber to the top of the ridge that we might see far away, and in less than a grey wolf's glide, straight in front of us 'way up in the sky, there was the Wall of the World.

It was a beautiful sight. If we had been obliged to turn back home right then, the wonderful sight would have been worth our trip.

Mrs. Bruin was the first to speak. She



said: "Oh, there are two moons, and one is falling right on the other!"

Mr. Panther knew that it was Pike's Peak covered with snow and the moon dropping slowly behind it. But he always let Mrs. Bruin have her way, for she made much fun for the rest of the wood-folk.

Mr. Wolf, being very cautious and very wise, was asked by Sapsucker and Tom Tit if that was another world 'way up there. Mr. Wolf said: "No; it is the Wall of the World jarred down by the pale face's thunder."

No one complained of being tired from that on, for there were the great mountains; and it seemed the closer we got to them, the farther they got away.

It was at that time that we received three more hoots from the great owl, and we were all very glad, for everything had begun to look so different from the Indian Territory.

When we had traveled to where the owl hollered last, he was sitting on the bank of the Big Monument pointing up Cheyenne Canon Creek that ran into the Monument at that place. He said that Old Gwankin and Old Sing-Song notified him to tell us that Stratton Park was just a Mollie Cottontail's flight up this beautiful



A Rocky Mountain Trout Stream with Pike's Peak in the Distance

mountain stream, but there were ten thousand pale faces out there from Colorado Springs holding a band concert and dance in the big Pavilion.

While the Old Hooter talked, four or five carloads of pale faces passed on their way to the park from Colorado Springs, about six miles away. All of the wood-folk were delighted to see the beautiful cars lighted up like day and loaded with pale faces.

Old Sing-Song told the big owl to bring the wood-folk to the park by the way of the High Line through Broadmoor, a pale-face town, and he said: "By the time you reach Stratton Park, the pale faces will have left for Colorado Springs; and, of course, the wood-folk can use the park until the first turn of the day."

All the wood-folk hurried into the park, for it was there they were to meet the Rocky Mountain wood-folk. They saw so many swings, and children's merry-go-rounds, and great rockers like big cradles (one of them would hold all of the wood-folk), and so many teeter-totters, and every place you looked through the whole park there were swinging chairs, and all the wood-folk were having such a delightful time when

Mr. Panther ordered Mr. Coyote to give about nine sharp barks and let the voice be a little trembly on the last part of each bark. This means a coyote in a strange country looking for other coyotes.

Then the Old Hooter gave three hoots in quick succession, making the last hoot very trembly—a distress call. In a little while he received an answer from a coyote about half way up on Cheyenne Mountain. This Mr. Coyote answered, and when the wood-folk received another answer from the Rocky Mountain Coyote, he had come down to the old Cripple Creek stage road.

By that time the Old Hooter had been up to him and was on his way back, and when he reached us he said: "It is all of the Rocky Mountain wood-folk, and they will be here in a wood-folk year—ten minutes."

When the woodfolk arrived, of course they had many wonderful questions to ask about the Indian Territory, and while Mrs. Bruin and Mr. Panther were answering questions, all the baby wood-folk were swinging in the swings and on the merry-go-rounds.

Mrs. Bruin and Mr. Panther asked the Rocky Mountain wood-folk many questions.

Mrs. Bruin asked if the Rocky Mountain wood-folk played in the beautiful park. The Rocky Mountain wood-folk said they did every night until the first turn of the day; but before we play, let us all go up South Cheyenne Canon to the Seven Falls; it is where all the pale faces go, and is just a short wolf's trot—three-quarters of a mile—and is a bit of the world's grandest scenery. The entrance to the North Canon is only a wood-rat's run; but we will come back and play before we go that way, for that is the trail we take to Bruin Inn and to Palmer's sixteen-mile drive down Bear Creek Canon into Colorado City. It's a pale face tourists' drive.

When we returned to Stratton Park from the Seven Falls, it was only the third turn of the night, and, of course, all the Indian Territory wood-folk played all the games that the pale faces played.

Mrs. Bruin asked the Rocky Mountain wood-folk if they played the pale faces' games. The Rocky Mountain wood-folk all hollered at once: "Yes; and also many games the pale faces don't play, and as it is just the third turn of the night, say we all go up on the big polo grounds and play polo, for the pale faces at the

big stables are always asleep at this hour and we can have our pick of horses." Of course, the Indian Territory wood-folk being great riders, they all started at once.

The great Cheyenne Mountain fairly overhanging the big polo grounds said: "Oh, that I could play with the wood-folk! But I suppose if I did, the Pillars of Hercules, Mt. Rosa, Old Baldy and Mt. Cutler would be offended, for I have played with them for a billion years, and you know how it is when one playmate leaves their friends to play with others. I would say more, but the wood-folk have started their game and I want to watch them."

The Rocky Mountain wood-folk won the first game. It was thought if Mr. Panther had been present that the Indian Territory wood-folk might have won, but just as the game started he and Old Mountain Lion ran over to the Casino to get a tub of lemonade, and the first game was finished just as they returned.

Mr. Bruin announced that there would be two years' intermission between the games—a wood-folk's twenty minutes—for speeches and drinking.

The Territory wood-folk whispered among the Mountain wood-folk to call for Miss Mollie

Cottontail or Miss Pussy Mew to speak. The Mountain wood-folk called for Miss Mollie Cottontail without ceasing until she climbed on the Gump stump ready to speak, for she could say beautiful speeches about anything at a moment's notice. She said:

"I see so many beautiful things, I am puzzled which to speak of first. Here is the great Casino, which is known throughout the world, and all around us are the world's most beautiful lawns, flowers and bungalows, and these two great lakes which would be a tired coyote's jaunt around them; but as there has been nothing said of the great Cheyenne Mountain that almost overhangs the whole surroundings I have mentioned, and which has never been given its rightful place in beautiful sayings, it comes to me to speak of it:

"Cheyenne Mountain, are you still on guard,  
Beckoning from your mighty dome,  
Trying to tell the people in the "Springs" below  
Of the wonderful view from your lofty home?

“What can you tell of heavenly things?

(Some dare to think that high.)

I know it's hard to call their minds

To things up in the sky.

“Are there any angels up around your place?

I am sure they have been heard to call

Helen Hunt Jackson from her resting place

Between you and the Seven Falls.”

All the wood-folk cheered “Ging, Gwah, Hey!”

It was decided to put up the horses and go back to Stratton Park, which was just through a big evergreen fence, and have the Rocky Mountain wood-folk show and explain the whole park to the Territory wood-folk.

It was a great forest of heavy pines and other trees, and to go from one end to the other was a tired Pussy Mew's run. Cheyenne Canon Creek ran through its entire length, and the place reminded all the Indian Territory wood-folk of Big Possum Bottom on the Little Paw Paw back home. From one end of the big park to the other were swings, pale face children's



merry-go-rounds, and great rockers made like cradles. When one end was down the other end was nearly in the tops of the big pines, and they all reeled one way and then the other way sending one end up and the other end down.

By every tree, wherever you looked, were swinging chairs and many other things for children to enjoy, and when they had reached the farther end of the park, there was the mouth of the great Cheyenne Canon leading up a short 'Possum's ramble to the Seven Falls, and a few steps to the northwest was the entrance to the great North Canon leading up a short Wolf's jaunt—five miles—to Bruin Inn, the home of two old maids, Medongwee and Gongwah, daughters of Old Bruin, who was the first to claim North and South Cheyenne Canons after the pale faces jarred down the Wall of the World experimenting with thunder and other foolishness.

The Rocky Mountain wood-folk had about talked Miss Pussy Mew into making a speech about Stratton Park, so I will keep still and watch its outcome.

Miss Pussy Mew said she would say a speech about Stratton Park if the Rocky Mountain wood-folk would steal out the burros from



Seven Falls, South Cheyenne Canon

the big stables and they all take a ride to the top of Mt. Cutler that they might look over on the beautiful Seven Falls and over to Point Sublime.

While she was climbing to the top of the Free Information Bureau, the men and boy wood-folk were hurrying up with the lawn seats that they might all sit comfortable and in easy hearing.

When she had reached her place, she gave three little raps on the flag-pole with her beautiful purse made of Alligator scales, and said :

“Now, come, little children, and play on me ;  
I am a swinging chair by a bending tree,  
Where no wind or dust this high can blow,  
Where the trout by the way have their perfect  
play.

“Here are wild flowers for all  
Where you hear the angels call  
From the Seven Falls :

Oh, come !

“Oh, the sweetest songs are out this way,  
Come to Stratton Park to spend the day ;  
Where Old Gwankin’s tracks are everywhere,  
It’s the balsam breeze that brings your mind  
to ease,

Oh, come !

“Yes, come and see Old Gwankin’s tracks  
Frozen in a summer’s snow;  
Every nook where the children play  
He and Old Sing-Song go.

“If they can get the children to talk of them  
(For this is their peculiar way),  
They will play in the parks on moonlight  
nights  
While the children play there in the day.”

All the wood-folk were more than delighted, as well as surprised, to hear such beautiful sayings about their grand playgrounds by lovely Miss Pussy Mew, and you can bet that more than one had an eye on her, especially Mr. Rocky Mountain Thomas Whiskers.

The burros were hurried out, one for each of the wood-folk excepting Miss Pussy Mew, and they all wondered why not one for her. Just then they missed Mr. Rocky Mountain Thomas Whiskers, and, of course, they all surmised that he was up to some cunning, and in a few minutes saw him coming down from the Seven Falls leading Old Dick, who is now forty-six years old. He was once Helen Hunt Jackson’s private burro. As Mr. Thomas Whiskers presented him to Miss Pussy Mew,

all the wood-folk thought it very thoughtful of him.

Mr. Rocky Mountain Lion took the lead. Nothing would do Tom Tit and Sapsucker but to go in single file like Indians, for they always thought that whatever Indians did was all right. As they pulled out, they sang a wood-folks' song entitled "Will the World Turn Over This Year":

"Will the world turn over this year?

If it does it will be a sin

To cripple those two old maids

Who live up at Bruin Inn.

"Oh, why don't you come out Medongwee.

And with you bring Gongwah,

And hear the poems and glee

Of our friends from the Territory?"

When they had reached the summit of Mt. Cutler, it was a charming, beautiful sight. To the southwest lay the Seven Falls, at the northeast rose Point Sublime, and it seemed that the moon had loaned to the great towering peaks

this night many beautiful robes of different shades for this special occasion.

Little Timber Mouse, being a Christian Scientist, was so delighted with the whole affair that he begged to say a speech about the Devil's Toboggan Slide that looked gorgeous in the beautiful moonlight a Wood Rat's run southwest.

The Rocky Mountain wood-folk were more than delighted to see that even the least of the Indian Territory wood-folk could say speeches, and while Mr. Rocky Mountain Lion held Little Timber Mouse up so all could see and hear, Little Timber Mouse said :

“If the devil did glide  
Down the mountain side,  
Should you call that place  
A Toboggan Slide?  
He was never up  
To slide down any place—  
His workings were and are  
The human race,  
And neither he nor they  
Should have any place.”

All the wood-folk cheered “Ging, Gwah, Hey!”

Mr. Panther said: "Now, it is the fifth turn of the night, and we must make it up to Bruin Inn before the first ray of light."

Old Mountain Lion said: "We will go down to the main trail and turn the burros loose and they will go back to the stables themselves." Which they did; for to turn them loose this way was a custom of the pale faces.

As the wood-folk turned up North Cheyenne Canon, they sang the song of the Rocky Mountain wood-folk, and the echo returned to the wood-folk from the great mountains louder than when it went. Just before they reached Bruin Inn, what should sit in the road just ahead but a little chipmunk, and Little Timber Mouse begged Mrs. Bruin to let him down that he might have just the tiniest bit of a visit with him.

Little Timber Mouse asked Little Chipmunk where he lived, and the little Rocky Mountain Chipmunk looked around about, overhead, and said: "In the big world." And Little Timber Mouse said: "Now, where do you live?" for Little Timber Mouse thought he was sort of fibbing. Little Chipmunk said: "Come along." And Mrs. Bruin told him to go along, that the rest would wait.

So Little Chipmunk took Little Timber Mouse to his beautiful home a few steps down on the bank of Cheyenne Creek under the roots of a great pine tree, and very soon Little Timber Mouse came hurrying back carrying two grass-nuts and an acorn which the Little Chipmunk had sent to Sapsucker and Tom Tit, for they knew that Sapsucker and Tom Tit were little baby Bruins.

Then all the wood-folk hurried on and reached Bruin Inn just in time to see Medongwee and Gongwah returning to their beautiful bungalow with great armloads of all sorts of wild flowers. They were delighted to meet Miss Mollie Cottontail and Miss Pussy Mew, and also all the lady wood-folk, but would have nothing to do whatever with the men and boy wood-folk, for Medongwee and Gongwah were old maids.

Mrs. Bruin begged Old Lion to tell the wood-folk all about the two old maids' lives, for they all knew that it would be a thrilling story. And when they had all got comfortable seats around—all but Miss Pussy Mew, for she was talking with the two old maids at the gate and begging them to come over and join the rest of the wood-folk, but they absolutely refused.



Then Miss Pussy Mew ran along over to the wood-folk and said to them all: "Oh, is it not strange—Medongwee and Gongwah won't join us wood-folk because there are men and boy wood-folk with us? They went back in the bungalow and slammed the door right in my face." And when Miss Pussy Mew had taken her seat to listen to Old Lion, he began and said:

"Their father, Old Bruin, was a miser. He homesteaded South Cheyenne Canon and North Cheyenne Canon and had held them against all comers since that *dry year*, and the canons have been known for thousands of years under those names. His last request to Medongwee and Gongwah was to never marry or have anything to do with men or boys."

Mrs. Bruin, Miss Mollie Cottontail and Miss Pussy Mew said: "Oh, isn't it too bad!" Mrs. Coyote, Mrs. Coon, Mrs. Wolf, Mrs. Bruin, Miss Mollie Cottontail and Miss Pussy Mew said to the men wood-folk, if the men would go up on the Wall of the World and spend the day, they would spend the day with Medongwee and Gongwah and put in every minute telling them how foolish they are.

The men wood-folk went and were back at

the first turn of the night, and were more than anxious for some report. Mr. Coyote gave nine smothered barks in his hands imitating a coyote in a strange land, and all the women wood-folk ran out in the yard.

Mrs. Bruin hurried over to tell the men wood-folk what she had learned. She said: "These two old maids are keeping North and South Cheyenne Canons to pay their burial expenses at their death, and I told them: 'How foolish! Why don't you give Mr. Bruin North Cheyenne Canon and let him come over and beautify your homes and be general man about the place for about two moons?' The two old maids said they would let me know by the third turn of the night."

So at that hour Mrs. Bruin, Miss Mollie Cottontail and Mr. Bruin went over, and sure enough Mrs. Bruin and Miss Mollie returned without Mr. Bruin. And all the wood-folk could see Medongwee and Gongwah showing Mr. Bruin about the place.

After two moons had passed, Mrs. Bruin went for Mr. Bruin and called at the gate and asked the two old maids for Mr. Bruin.

Medongwee and Gongwah came out, one sort of keeping behind the other, both acting

just a little scared. Miss Pussy Mew and Miss Mollie saw that they were a little scared and nudged Mrs. Bruin on the leg. Mrs. Bruin being a little slow to speak, Miss Mollie said: "We came for Mr. Bruin." And the two old maids said: "We have decided to give Mr. Bruin South Cheyenne Canon, too, and let the county bury us."

Mrs. Bruin called Mr. Bruin, and he stuck his leg out the door, and Mrs. Bruin said: "If you don't come I will tell of your trouble on Jim Creek with Mr. Pole Cat."

Mr. Bruin came at once, and all the wood-folk cheered, "Ging, Gwah, Hey!"

Old Lion notified them that they were in another turn of the night, and said: "Come and let us all take a shower bath under the beautiful Helen Hunt Falls, which is one of the most beautiful falls in the Rocky Mountain Range." Of course, the little wood-folk had been sailing boats and swimming below the falls for two moons.

Old Lion called all the wood-folk at the fourth turn of the night and said: "I have decided to take all of the wood-folk over Palmer's Sixteen-Mile Drive." And all the wood-folk cheered, for Old Lion of the Rocky Mountains

was to lead the way until we returned to Stratton Park.

When we had reached the highest point on this beautiful drive, it put them fairly over Point Sublime and Stratton Park, and as the moon spread its light on the green prairie far below and a tired fox's run 'way eastward, the whole sight seemed so strange that some of the Territory wood-folk became afraid, but Old Lion cheered them up by saying: "We are only half way on the Sixteen-Mile Drive, and we have just as much wonderful scenery on the road from here down into old Colorado City as we have had coming up from Stratton Park."

The wood-folk cheered up at once. "And I believe after we have gone a short wood-rat's ramble, we will leave Colorado City to the northeast and take the Old Varmint's trail for the top of Cameron's Cone, which was once Old Sing-Song's throne. As Mr. Coyote can read Indian signs, we may learn something of the whereabouts of the band of Utes who owned this part of the Rockies up until that 'dry year.' "

No one was tired, though the Old Varmint trail was washed out in many places, for it had not been used since the disappearance of the

Utes and the invasion of the pale faces. The whole trip to the summit was play for the little wood-folk, for they glided over and under and through, always keeping the trail, and many times leaving the big wood-folk far behind.

Once Old Lion called them back and told all the dear little wood-folk what would happen to them in the day time at this very place. As they all looked at him in perfect silence, with strange expressions, he said: "There is a pale face's road crossing the Old Varmint trail, and along that road young pale faces go all the day with 22-rifles, shooting to death everything that lives. A few years ago, in going from Stratton Park to the Seven Falls and from Stratton Park to Bruin Inn, you could count four hundred little wood-folk, mostly in the Chipmunk family, and thousands of little birds. The Chipmunks would eat from the pale faces' hands while the pale faces picnicked along the canons, and it is thought by all the Rocky Mountain wood-folk that the pale faces did this to sort of what they call civilize the little wood-folk so the children of the pale faces with 22-rifles could get in easier range of them that they might make a sure shot; for as we traveled in the same trails in the night that the pale faces



Soda Springs and Cliff House, Manitou

traveled in the day, we would find the little Chipmunks stiff in the road where they had been shot by the mockery, civilized pale faces.

“We have no record of the Rocky Mountain wood-folk ever hurting one of the pale faces, excepting one time when Mrs. Bruin had left her two daughters, Medongwee and Gongwah, at the Soda Spring while she went up Williams Canon to Old Wolf’s to borrow a haversack full of sweet roots and an orea of wild honey. In those days there were many sweet roots and much wild honey up Williams Canon, for the Matiahs and the Dogwahs and Old Sing-Song and Old Gwankin would set aside many good things by the Gump Stump along the Varmint’s trail for Old Wolf and the rest of the wood-folk. But when the Matiahs and the Dogwahs and Old Gwankin and Old Sing-Song left the Grand Caverns and the Cave of the Winds and made their home in the big cave of the Natural Bridge Park in the suburbs of Arkansas City, Kans., on the border of the Indian Territory, picking became mighty hard for the Rocky Mountain wood-folk, I tell you.

“Well, Mrs. Bruin returned to the Soda Spring just in time to see a well-dressed pale face jump from his horse to shoot Medongwee



and Gongwah; but before he could shoot, however, she swung a terrible wallop on his shoulder with her right paw and would have hit him again but something flew out of his pocket and smelled so bad; yes, so *terrible bad*—she said there was never anything smelled so bad, and that there was no living thing that could stay around its stench but a pale face—and she said she took a good look at the thing as it lay on the ground before she ran away with Gongwah and Medongwee; and she said that thirty years later, as she lay in front of her door under a big ledge up by the Iron Springs, well back from the trail, contemplating a delightful journey down the Arkansas River with Old Wolf—for they had decided to go in search of Old Gwankin and Old Sing-Song—just when they had read the message from the Old Hoot Owl brought to them by Little Chipmunk, saying that he would pilot the way and that he would take us to the Matiahs, and Dogwahs, and Old Sing-Song, and Old Gwankin's door—it was then that Old Wolf gave her a nudge, for there were two pale faces riding up on the trail. She said she and Old Wolf crawled a little back and watched them from a peep-hole in the wall. Though thirty years had passed, I recognized



the one in front to be the same pale face that I hit at the Soda Spring, and lo! and, yes, I'm sure he was holding that very thing in his mouth—*right in his mouth*—that thing the stench from which drove me away from him long ago. When I looked a little closer, I could see that smoke was coming out of the thing. I stepped away from the hole and let Mr. Wolf peep and tell me what it was in the pale face's mouth. Mr. Wolf said: 'It is a stinking old pipe!' "

In spite of Old Lion's caution to the wood-folk, they would run 'way ahead—the trip was so delightful, and the old trail so easy to follow, and Old Lion had told them a beautiful story about it and that it led to the top of Cameron's Cone, and that Old Sing-Song traveled it up to his throne for thousands of years, and between Old Gwankin, Old Sing-Song, and the wood-folk, they had worn the trail away belly-deep in the hard, grey granite in many places a wearied wood rat's run.

When the big wood-folk had reached the top, the little wood-folk had played two games of "Frog in the Meadow" while they were waiting for Old Lion to come and tell what town it was right underneath.

Old Lion said: "This one straight below is old Colorado City, and this one here to the left nearly straight down is Manitou, and this one a little to the right is Colorado Springs, a city that is visited once a year by people from all parts of the world."

All the Territory wood-folk gathered closely around Old Lion, for they loved to hear him tell of old days. Sapsucker and Tom Tit asked why did all of the pale faces come here. Old Lion said: "To climb the great mountains above the clouds, which was once the Wall of the World, and to see the great perpendicular granite walls thousands of feet high, and to see where great rivers once wore their way through them down to calm running, and to see the great deep snow in the hot summer time, and to drink all kinds of mineral waters that flow from near the smouldering flames that are being smothered thousands of feet below, and to see the magnificent Seven Falls, and to make a short trip to Bruin Inn, and to visit the Soda Springs, and to go up Pike's Peak by the way of the cog-wheel railroad, to visit the Grand Caverns and the Cave of the Winds, and the marvelous Glen Eyrie, and to go up the old Ute Pass trail returning by way of the big Soda Springs.

"I am sure it would be an insult to the Rocky Mountains if I should not say something of the Old Cripple Creek stage road which will leave its mark for a thousand years, but would be deserted if it were not for Old Badger, better known in the last forty years as 'Old Wade,' who placed himself and his belongings up on the old stage road well around on the big Cheyenne Mountain forty years ago.

"They come to go to Denver, and to see Stratton Park, and to get divorces—that's what I am trying to say."

The whole story was most too wonderful for the Territory wood-folk.

Just when Old Lion had finished his description of the immediate surroundings, a great cloud pushed its way along between the wood-folk and Manitou, thousands of feet below, and grumbled furiously with its great thunder and seemed to make Cameron's Cone fairly rock. Old Lion said later: "It was surely for the Territory wood-folk's special benefit."

They were all very much-frightened, so much so that all the little wood-folk squeezed in close to Mrs. Bruin and some of them climbed in her arms. A fierce thunder storm was bad enough overhead, but here they were



Pike's Peak Through Gateway of Garden of the Gods

looking down thousands of feet upon one. When the great black cloud would seem to burst and drive the lightning in all directions far away in the black night, all the little wood-folk asked for the moon. They knew it had gone, for an hour earlier they had spent some time watching it slide off from the upper end of the old Ute Trail, then seemed to pass along its way more hurriedly than ever so it could have a few minutes' stop with the sun.

It has promised Old Sing-Song, Old Gwan-kin, and the Matiahs, and Old Dogwah that it would try to persuade the sun to play along twelve years—a wood-folk two hours—behind time.

Now it was the fifth turn of the night, and as the sun would appear on the Rockies two hours late, it would give the wood-folk a chance to take the old Elk Trail into Colorado Springs, a Mollie Cottontail's romp down. Of course, at that hour all the pale faces were dead in their illusion of sleep after a wearied day of foolishness.

Before the wood-folk were half way down, the thousands of electric lights which decorated and illuminated the big Court House shone so hard in the little wood-folk's eyes they had to

walk behind Mrs. Bruin. They were compelled to go a little north and enter the "Springs" from the north end, for that was where a hundred millionaires lived. As they crossed Wood Avenue looking far south, Mr. Thomas Whiskers begged that they stop until he said a speech about Wood Avenue. As no one had thought of any speech-making, they were delighted with the plan. So Mr. Thomas Whiskers climbed the big flag-pole in front of the Bonbright mansion—this was easy for him for he reached the top in a wood-folk's giggle—and when he had taken his position said :

"Wood Avenue, along your beautiful way  
Is truly where the fairies stay.  
Can you hear their call from Old Pike's Peak?  
Can you go there in a balloon?  
Yes; though it is far  
'Way up 'twixt the sun and the moon.

"Though the cog-wheel road,  
Like a snake doeth swerve  
When saving himself from a rock,  
Will keep your mind in a joyous mood  
From the base clear up to the top.

“Pike’s Peak is the real fairy land,  
This you will see as you are whirled  
’Way up to its snow-crowned summit,  
Almost in another world.”

And all the wood-folk cheered, “Ging,  
Gwah, Hey!”

It was too bad they did, for while Mr. Thomas Whiskers was climbing down the big flag-pole, Mrs. Bruin decided to say a speech from the stile in front of the James F. Burns mansion, and Mr. Panther was to say one from the stile in front of the Philip B. Stewart mansion. But when the wood-folk cheered “Ging, Gwah, Hey!” it awoke in the near vicinity a crowd of about fifteen pale-face wood-folk, consisting of Airedales, Scotch Collies and French Poodles, with a few Dachshund bringing up the base. They charged so fiercely that the wood-folk were driven east a block on the famous Cascade Avenue, and when they had all come together again, they saw that they were in front of the Hager mansion, and Little Timber Mouse said if Mrs. Bruin would hold him up he would say a speech in honor of this great structure. And all the wood-folk went inside of the yard, for they had heard of Mr. Hager

and knew if he saw them there he would be delighted with their presence. They all took seats on the big lawn, and when they were quite comfortable, Little Timber Mouse ran over for Mrs. Bruin to hold him up, and when she did so, he said :

“Cascade Avenue, you are known through the  
world,  
For the tourists tell of you  
When they return to their home beyond the  
sea  
From delightful Colorado.

“See them gay in their gorgeous way,  
Cheerful in their heart’s delight ;  
Their mansions in tremulous beauty light  
Cascade on the darkest night.

“Cascade Avenue is where the nabobs live,  
They own most all the world ;  
They leave in the spring for beyond the sea  
And return in the fall when the tourists leave.”

After Little Timber Mouse had finished his speech, Old Lion said : “I see by the wood-folk sign far in the east that the first ray of



light is hurriedly approaching, and you know we promised Old Sing-Song and the Matiahs that we would return to the top of Cameron's Cone before the night sky has had to give way for the sun along the old Rocky Mountain Goat Trail. You know Old Sing-Song, and the Matiahs, and Old Dogwah, and Old Gwankin are going to tell of the Wall of the World,, and will also tell of Old Nigmandanpadutus and his band who lived in the great spiring peaks and along the great overhanging ledges 'way above timber line, on Pike's Peak, and you know they said it would take twenty thousand words to tell of these delightful play grounds."















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